

SLIM JIM *and the* VAGABOND KID

SONG COLLECTION

Slim Jim • THE Vagabond Kid



SLIM JIM



THE VAGABOND KID

Det Döende Barn

Mo-der jeg er traet, nu vil jeg so-ve — Lad mig ved dit

The first system of the musical score for 'Det Döende Barn'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and common time, with lyrics: 'Mo-der jeg er traet, nu vil jeg so-ve — Lad mig ved dit'. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

hjaer-te slum-ri ind — Graad dog ei det maa du först mig

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with lyrics: 'hjaer-te slum-ri ind — Graad dog ei det maa du först mig'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic style as the first system.

lo-ve — Ty din taa-re Braen-der paa min kind —

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with lyrics: 'lo-ve — Ty din taa-re Braen-der paa min kind —'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

— Her er koldt, og u-de stor-men tru-er — Men I

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with lyrics: '— Her er koldt, og u-de stor-men tru-er — Men I'. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same harmonic structure.

Drö - men der er alt saa smukt ——— Og de sø - de en-gle-barn jeg

sku-er ——— Naar jeg har det traet-te ö - ie lukt ———

Moder ser du englen ved min side
 Hører du den deilige musik
 Se, San Har to vinger, smukke, høie
 Dem han sikkeret av vor herre fik
 Grønt og guld og rødt for öie sveiver
 Det er blomstrer engelen udströr
 Faar jeg ogsaa vinger mens jeg lever
 Eller moder faar jeg haar jeg dör.

Mother, lay my head upon your bosom,
 For I'm so tired and want to sleep
 I can feel a teardrop on my forehead;
 Mother, promise me you will not weep.
 Mother in my dreams the sun is shining,
 Though outside the storm is raging on.
 I can see the angels hover o'er me;
 I know that soon life's troubles will be gone.

Hvorfor trykker saa du mine haender
 Hvorfor Laeger du din kind til min
 Den er vaad, og dog som ildten braender
 Moder, jeg vil altid vaere din
 Men saa maa du ikke laengre sukke
 Graader du, saa graader jeg med dig
 O, Jeg er saa traet, maa öiet lukke
 Moder se, nu kysser englen mig.

Mother, I will soon be with the angels
 I can see them open wide the doors;
 Mother, will the wing come 'ere I leave you
 Or wait until I reach the golden shore.
 Mother dear, why don't you hush your weeping
 If you cry, then I must cry with thee
 Oh, I am so tired, I'll soon be sleeping;
 Mother, see! an angel's kissing me.

*English translation
 by Ernest Iverson*

The Drifting, Whistling Snow

Was a cold December evening and the winds began to blow,
And soon everything was covered by the drifting, whistling snow.

I found the valley of the drifting, whistling snow between two great big snow banks when I opened my door next morning. And for hours and hours I wandered aimlessly through the snow seeking the answers to the many questions that was racing through my feeble brain. Where was everything? Where was the sidewalk? Where was my driveway? My old jalopy? At last I was all pooped out, so I took a chew of snooze and scratched my head and wondered where to go. Then all at once I realized I was a prisoner here in the valley of the drifting, whistling snow.

Then my wife she whispered to me, "I've got to go to Ladies' Aid.
Shovel out that old jalopy." And she handed me the spade.

Now the settlers and the miners fought those crazy Navahos,
But I tell you that was nothing like the drifting, whistling snow.

So I took my scoop and started where that old jalopy stood,
And after endless hours of shoveling snow all I saw was just the hood.

Then the snow began to whistling, and the wind began to blow.
And my jalopy still is resting 'neath the drifting, whistling snow.

How I left my old snow shovel lying there upon the snow
While I went in the house to dry my hands and warm frozen toes.

While I was gone the snow bank began to grow and grow.
Now my shovel too is resting 'neath the drifting, whistling snow.

The drifting, whistling snow!

As recorded by Slim Jim and the Westerners with the Honeytones
Parody of "The Shifting, Whispering Sands"

THE SHIFTING, WHISPERING SANDS

Words by
V. C. GILBERT

Music by
MARY M. HADLER

Moderately Slow

B♭7 A♭ E♭ E♭dim E♭ A♭ E♭ E♭dim E♭

1. When the day is hot - ly qui - et And the breeze seems not to
2. (Yes, it) al - ways whis - pers to me Of the days of long a -
3. (How they) found an ag - ed min - er ly - ing dead up - on the

blow, One would think the sand was rest - ing, But you'll find this is not
go, When the set - tlers and the min - ers fought the craf - ty Na - va -
sand. Aft - er months they could but won - der if he died by hu - man

E♭ A♭ E♭ E♭dim E♭ A♭ E♭ E♭dim E♭

so. It is whis - p'ring soft - ly whis - p'ring As it slow - ly moves a -
jo; How the cat - tle roamed the val - ley, Hap - py peo - ple worked the
hand. So, they dug his grave and laid him on his back and crossed his

B♭7 D Gm B♭7 Gm F♯m Fm B♭7 E♭

long, And for those who'll stop and lis - ten, It will sing this mourn - ful song. Of side -
land, And now ev - 'ry - thing is cov - ered By the shift - ing, whis - p'ring sands. How the
hands, And his se - cret still is hid - den By the shift - ing, whis - p'ring sands. This is

A^b Eb

wind - ers and the horn - toads, of the thorn - y chap - pur - al, End - less
 min - er left his buck - boards, went to work his claims that day, And the
 what they wnis - per to me on the qui - et des - ert air, Of the

mf

F7 Gm F#m Fm Eb Bb7

sun - ny days and moon - lit nights, The coy - ote's lone - ly yell. How the
 bur - rows broke their halt - ers when they thought he'd gone to stay. Wan - dered
 peo - ple and the cat - tle and the min - er ly - ing there. If you

mp

A^b Eb Ebdim Eb A^b Eb Ebdim Eb Bb7 Ebdim

stars seem you could touch them As you lay and gaze on high At the
 far in search of wa - ter, On to old side - wind - ers well, And there their
 want to learn their se - crets, Wan - der through this qui - et land, And I'm

Bb7 Gm D Fm Bb7 Gm F#m Fm Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb

1. 2. 3.

heav - ens where we're hop - ing we'll be go - ing when we die. 2. Yes it
 bones picked clean by buz - zards that were cir - cling when they fell. 3. How they
 sure you'll hear the sto - ry of the shift - ing whis - p'ring sands.

Flickan paa Bellmansro

Paa jurgoslettan en sommerskveld
Jeg möte hanom, han var saa snild,
Ty mit paa slettan han knit min sko
Og vi fik selskap til Bellmansro.

Der uti graset vi slog os ned
Alt intil roten utav et tre
Paa samme stelle som bellman sto
Naar han sang viser paa Bellmansro.

Da la han haanden alt uti min,
I mine öina han titta ind,
Han lova kärlikt han lova tro,
Han lova kvelsmat paa Bellmansro.

Saa slog han armen omkring mit liv,
I fjoren hörtes et positiv
Musikken sette igang mit blod.
Og jeg saa himelen paa Bellmansro.

Da vilde jeg ha den maten som
Han hadde lovet naar som han kom.
Han hadde lovet mig Kabeljo (Smörgåsbord),
Men jeg fik senapsas paa Bellmansro.

Da gik han bort at bestelle den
Og sagde vent du min kjäre ven,
Jeg venta länge saa skal du tro
Jeg venter endda paa Bellmansro.

Og aaret flykte, det svunnet var
Og under tiden har han blit kvar
Men faar jeg fat paa han jeg slaar min klo
I baade hanom og Bellsmanro.

18 * Flickan på Bellmansro

Swing Feel ()



På Djur-gårds - slät - ten, en som - mar - kväll, ja' möt - te ho - nom, han va' så



snäll, ty mitt på slät - ten han knöt min sko, å vi fick säll - skap till Bell - mans - ro.

Jeg Er En Fattig Liten Dreng

Old Norwegian Folk Song

1. Jeg er en fat - tig li - ten dreng, — Har in - tet hus —
 2. Her gaar jeg nu — för vår mands dör, — Gud ved at jeg —
 3. En stil - le som - mer mor - gen stund, — Jeg kom for - bi —
 4. Da hör - te jeg — saa söd en klang, — I sko le hu -

— og in - gen seng, — Min mo - der lag - de sig til ro, —
 — det nö - dig gör, — Jeg ser saa man - ge gla - de smaa, —
 — en vak - ker lund, — Der stod et hus — saa pent og net, —
 set smaa börn sang, — Jeg si - ger det — for vist og sandt, —

— Hun vil de helst — i gra - ven bo. — Jeg er en bo. —
 — De gir mig Bröd — og lar mig gaa. — Her gaar jeg gaa. —
 — Og jeg var hung - rig törst og trät. — En stil - le trat. —
 — Mit hjer - te slog — min taa - re randt. — Da hör - te randt. —

5.
 De sang om gud i himmerig,
 Og takked han saa hjärtelig,
 De bad for alle fjern ag nar,
 Og mest for dem sam fattig er.

6.
 Gud se saa naa dig til de smaa,
 Som fader lös i verden gaa,
 Vill ikke paa han komme vist,
 Han hjelper alle dog til sist.

- 1 Jeg er saa glad hver julekveld;
Thi da blev Jesus født,
Da lyste stjernen som en sol,
Og engle sang saa sødt.
- 2 Det lille barn i Bethlehem,
Han var en konge stor,
Som kom fra himlens høie slot
Ned til vor arme jord.
- 3 Nu bor han vel i himmerig,
Han er Guds egen Søn,
Men husker altid paa de smaa
Og hører deres bøn.
- 4 Jeg er saa glad hver julekveld,
Da synger vi hans pris,
Da aabner han for alle smaa
Sit søde paradis.
- 5 Da tænder moder alle lys,
Saa ingen krog er mørk.
Hun siger, stjernen lyste saa
I hele verdens ørk.
- 6 Hun siger, at den lyser end
Og slukkes aldrig ud,
Og hvis den skinner paa min vei,
Da kommer jeg til Gud.
- 7 Jeg holder af hver julekveld
Og af den Herre Krist,
Og at han elsker mig igjen,
Det ved jeg ganske vist.

Marie Wexelsen.

CHRISTMAS EVE. C. M.

PEDER KNUDSEN, 1819-63

With movement

1. I am so glad each Christ-mas Eve, The night of Je - sus' birth!
 2. The lit - tle Child in Beth - le - hem, He was a King in - deed!
 3. He dwells a - gain in heav-en's realm, The Son of God to - day;

Then like the sun the Star shone forth, And an - gels sang on earth.
 For he came down from heaven a - bove To help a world in need.
 And still he loves his lit - tle ones And hears them when they pray.

4 I am so glad on Christmas Eve!
 His praises then I sing;
 He opens then for every child
 The palace of the King.

6 She says the Star is shining still,
 And never will grow dim;
 And if it shines upon my way,
 It leads me up to him.

5 When mother trims the Christmas tree
 Which fills the room with light,
 She tells me of the wondrous Star
 That made the dark world bright.

7 And so I love each Christmas Eve
 And I love Jesus, too;
 And that he loves me every day
 I know so well is true.

St. 5-7, for use in the home

*Marie Wexelsen, 1832-1911
 Tr. Peter Andrew Sveeggen, 1881-*

John Johnson's Wedding

We had a fancy party at the hall the other day,
we had a yolly time that's what all the people say,
and all the Swedes for miles around come dressed up in their best
to Johnny Johnson and Cecilia Jenson's wedding.

There was Charlie Anderson and Emil Anderson
and Gustaf Anderson and Carl Anderson
and Per Anderson and Hjalmar Anderson
and Andrew Anderson was there too.

The bride she looked so lovely 'cause she was dressed in white.
Her hair was trimmed with roses, her face with smiles so bright.
But when the preacher said, "*Ja, nu är du Johnson's wife,*"
then we all jumped up and sang at Johnson's wedding.

There was Charlie Larson and Emil Larson
and Gustaf Larson and Carl Larson
and Per Larson and Hjalmar Larson
and Lars Larson was there too.

We had a lot to eat that night, the supper it was fine,
The *knäckebröd* and *lutfisk* I ate most all the time.
With *lingon också sylta och kaffe och sockerbit,*
ya, that's what we had to eat at Johnson's wedding.

There was Charlie Nelson and Emil Nelson
and Gustaf Nelson and Carl Nelson
and Per Nelson and Hjalmar Nelson
and Nels Nelson was there too.

We had a case of whiskey, and we had a keg of beer,
and when all that was *slut*, we went and got some *mer*.
The bride, she just drank *akvavit*, but Johnson, he drank beer.
And the rest of us got drunk at Johnson's wedding.

There was Charlie Olson and Emil Olson
and Gustaf Olson and Carl Olson
and Per Olson and Hjalmar Olson
and Olle Olson was there too.

We played a lot of games that night, but yee we sure had fun.
The girls, they were so yolly, I kissed most every one.
My wife, she took me by the arm, said, "That's enough for you."

Well, I never will forget *Johanson's* wedding.
There was Charlie Peterson and Emil Peterson
and Gustaf Peterson and Carl Peterson
and Per Peterson and Hjalmar Peterson
and Pete Peterson was there too.

And so next day when we woke up, we all was sick in bed.
We drank *för mycket brännvin*, that's what the people said.
But everybody kept talkin', "Yee what a yolly time we had."
Ya, you bet your life we did at Johnson's wedding.

There was Charlie Swanson and Emil Swanson
and Gustaf Swanson and Carl Swanson
and Per Swanson and Hjalmar Swanson
and Swan Swanson was there too.

Text: Swan Ganderson and Ed. F. Pollock
Melody: L. E. West

John Johnson's Wedding was introduced in 1899 in the musical Hans Hanson. The above text has been adapted from a recording by Slim Jim.

✻ John Johnson's Wedding

Moderato

C F C G7

Oh, we had a fan-cy par-ty at the hall the oth-er day. We had a jol-ly

C Am7 D7 G F

time, that's what all the peo-ple say. And all the Swedes for miles a-round come

C G7 C G7

dressed up in their best to John-ny John-son's and Ce-ci-lia Jen-sen's wed-ding. There was

Fast and freely (in one)

C F C G7

Char-lie An-der-son and E-mil An-der-son and Gu-staf An-der-son and Carl An-der-son and

C F G7 C

Per An-der-son and Hjal-mar An-der-son and An-ders An-der-son was there too.

Kan Du Glemme Gamle Norge

1. Kan Du glem-me gam-le Nor-ge?
 2. Kan Du glem-me det-te Lan-det,
 3. Svæ-ver stun-dom ei din Tan-ke

Al-drig jeg det glem-me kan,
 Som dig først tog i sin Favn?
 Did-hen, hvor din Vug-ge stod?

Som med stol-te Klip-pe bor-ge
 Mon Du find-e vil et an-det
 Fø-ler du ei Hjer-tet ban-ke

Er og blir mit Fø-de-land.
 Med saa stolt og her-light Navn?
 For det Land som du for lod?

Kjøre vatten og kjøre ved

Kjøre vatten og kjøre ved,
Og kjøre tømmer over heia;
Kjøre hvem som kjøre vil,
Jeg kjøre jenta mi eia.

CHORUS:

De røde roser og de øine blaa,
De vakre jenter holder jeg utav;
Helst naar jeg faar den jeg vil ha
Da er det morosamt at leva.

Gud velsigne ho little mor,
Som gaar paa gulve og stulla;
Ho tar ifra mig det tomme glas
Og sætter for mig det fulla.

Jeg sat paa haugen og drak mig full,
Der vil jeg aldrig mere komma;
De tok ifra mig min tobaksrull
Og fire skilling uta lomma.

Der staar et træ i min faders gaard
Som har saa underlige grena,
Og blir jeg ikke gift iaar
Da vil jeg leva alena.

Old Norwegian Folksong.

Å kjøre vatten

Text: Traditional
Tune: Norwegian folk tune

Å kjø - re vat - ten, å kjø - re ved, å kjø - re tøm - mer o - ver

hei - a, å kjø - re å dom kjø - re vil, jeg kjø - rer jen - ta mi

ei' - a! De rau' - e ro - ser og de øy - ne blå, de vak - re jen - ter hol - der

jeg u - tå, helst når jeg får den jeg vil ha, da er det mo - ro - samt å le - va.

Å KJØRE VATTEN

1. Å kjøre vatten, å kjøre ved,
å kjøre tømmer over heia,
å kjøre å dom kjøre vil,
jeg kjører jenta mi ei'a!

Refreng:

De rau'e roser og de øyne blå,
de vakre jenter holder jeg utå,
helst når jeg får den jeg vil ha,
da er det morosamt å leva.

HAULING WATER

1. Hauling water, hauling wood,
hauling lumber over the hill!
Hauling what they like to haul,
I haul that girl of mine!

Refrain:

I love the pretty girls
with rosy cheeks and blue eyes.
Especially when I get the one I want,
then it is fun to live.

Kom til den hvitmalte kirke

(Church in the Wildwood)

Jeg minnes en kirke derhjemme saa fredfull i granernes li,
Fra taarnet lod klokkernes stemme og kalte paa land og paa by.

KOR:

Kom til den hvitmalte kirke, o kom til Guds fredlyste hus,
Enn lyder saa titt i mitt øre, klokkeklemtet og granernes sus.

Den fredfulle hvitmalte kirke staar klart in mitt sinn prented inn;
Den høinede hverdagens virke, den stemte til andakt mitt sinn.

Ved kirken derhjemme nu hviler saa mange som var mig saa kjær.
Med taarevett øie jeg smiler ved tanken paa dem som er der.

Engang naar mitt øie skal briste og hjertet ophøre at slaa,
Jeg ønsker at ogsaa min kiste en plass der ved kirken skal faa.

By DR. WM. S. PITTS, A. A. PAYNE.

As printed by EMIL MOESTUE, Oslo, Norway.

The Church in the Wildwood

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
 2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear Sun-day morn-ing, To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
 wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
 way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE CHORUS

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
 weep by the side of the tomb. Come to the-
 come to the church in the vale.
 way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

D.S.

Mellom bakkar og berg

Text: Ivar Aasen
Tune: Norwegian folk tune

Mel - lom bak - kar og berg ut med ha - vet he - ve nord - man - nen fen - ge sin

heim, der han sjølv he - ve tuf - te - ne gra - ve og sett sjølv si - ne hus op - på deim.

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures with chords Eb, Bb7, Eb, and Bb7 Eb. The second system has eight measures with chords Bb, Fm, C7, Fm7, Bb7, Cm7, F7, Bb7, and Eb. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

MELLOM BAKKAR OG BERG

1. Mellom bakkar og berg ut med havet
heve nordmannen fenge sin heim,
der han sjølv heve tuftene grave
og sett sjølv sine hus oppå deim.
2. Han såg ut på dei steinute strender;
det var ingen som der hadde bygt:
"Lat oss rydja og byggja oss grender
og sa eiga me rudningen trygt."
3. Han såg ut på det bårute havet;
der var ruskut å leggja utpå;
men der leikade fisk ned i kavet,
og den leiken, den ville han sjå.
4. Fram på vetteren stundom han tenkte:
"Gjev eg var i eit varmare land!"
Men når vårsol i bakkane blenkte,
fekk han hug til si heimlege strand.
5. Og når liene grønkjar som hagar,
når det laver av blomar på strå,
og når netter er ljose som dagar,
kan han ingen stad venare sjå.

BETWEEN HILLS AND MOUNTAINS

1. 'Mong the rocks by the North Sea's blue waters,
where the Norseman his homestead has found;
there does he and his sons and his daughters
claim allodial right to the ground.
2. To be up and to do, is his glory;
and he has to be sturdy and strong;
but 'tis pleasure to hear the old story,
of the deeds that are treasured in song.
3. More than once does he think, in the winter,
"Wish I lived in a sunnier land!"
But when spring sun on hilltop does glitter,
his heart warms toward his own native strand.
4. When each nook has its shade of green bowers,
and the nights are as bright as the days;
when the fields are all fragrant with flowers,
then he longs for no lovelier place.

Nikolina

At være kjære det er en riselig pina
Jeg som har prøvt det siger ikke nei
Jeg var såa riselig kjære i Nikolina
Og Nikolina like kjære i mig.

Om hendes haand bad jeg til hendes papa
Åa fik det svar jeg inte vænta paa
Aldrig har jeg gaaet ut for nogen trappe
Saa riselig hastigt som jeg gjorde da.

Da gik jeg hjem og skrev til Nikolina
Om hun vilde væra saa riselig snild
At møte mig naar maanen börja skina
Paa eikebakken nekste lørdags kveld.

Der mødte mig en mørk figur i kappe
Og maanen skein paa himmelen saa blaa
Den møtende var Nikolinas papa
Med en forsverdelig paake in sin haand.

Jeg var saa redd, jeg dirrede i knærne.
Jeg tenkt å ta til bena, redd og sky.
Men da jeg smøg meg frem imellom trærne
fikk paaken danse polka'n paa min rygg.

Da gik jeg hjem og skrev til Nikolina
Nu er det med mit mod totalt adjø
Om du ei slukke kan min kjærliks pina
Gaar jeg og drukner mig i nærmeste sjø.

Og Nikolina svarede aa sagde
Åa kjære Carl, tænk dig lite før
Den som sit liv forkorter er en kruka
Vi kan vel vente indtil gubben dør.

Saa gaar vi da venter jeg og Nikolina
At gubben snart skal kole vipen av
Og som et minde er vi tænkt aa sætte
Den gamle paaken utpaa gubbens grav.

37 * *Nikolina*

Moderato

Att va - ra kär, då ä en rys - lig pi - na, den som för - sökt då sä - ger in - te

The first system of music is in 3/4 time. The treble clef staff contains the melody with a C chord above the first measure, a C chord above the second measure, a C7 chord above the third measure, and an F chord above the fourth measure. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

nej. Jag var så rys - ligt kär i Ni - ko - li - na å Ni - ko - li - na li - ka kär i mej.

The second system of music continues the melody. The treble clef staff has a C chord above the first measure, an F chord above the second measure, a C chord above the third measure, a G7 chord above the fourth measure, and a C chord above the fifth measure. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Pål sine høner

Pål sine høner på haugen ut sleppte,
hønen' så lett over haugane sprang.
Pål kunne vel på hønem fornemmas:
reven var ute med rova så lang.
:| |: Klukk, klukk, klukk! sa høna på haugom. :| |:
Pål han sprang og rengde med augom:
"No tor' eg ikkje koma heim åt ho mor!"

Pål han gjekk seg litt lenger på haugen,
fekk han sjå reven låg på høna og gnog;
Pål han tok seg ein stein uti neven,
dugleg han då til reven slo.
:| |: Reven flaug så rova hans riste; :| |:
Pål han gret for høna han miste!
"No tor' eg ikkje koma heim åt ho mor!"

"Hadd' eg no nebb, og hadd' eg no klo,
og visste eg berre kvar revane låg,
skull' eg dei både rispa og klora
framantil nakken og bak over lår.
:| |: Skam få alle revane raude! :| |:
Gud han gjeve dei alle var daude,
så skull' eg trygt koma heim åt ho mor!"

Ikkje kan ho verpa, og ikkje kan ho gala,
ikkje kan ho krypa, og ikkje kan ho gå!
Eg får gå meg til kverna og mala,
og få att det mjølet eg miste i går!"
:| |: "Pytt!" sa'n Pål, "eg er ikkje banga, :| |:
kjeften og motet har hjelpt no så mangein,
eg tor' nok vel koma heim åt ho mor!"

Pål han kornet på kverna til å sleppa,
så at det ljoma i kvar ein vegg,
så at agnene tok til å flyga,
og dei vart lange som geite-ragg.
:| |: Pål han gav seg til å le og til å kneggja :| |:
"No fekk eg like for høna og for egga,
no tor' eg trygt koma heim åt ho mor!"

42. Pål sine høner

Text: Traditional
Tune: Norwegian folk tune

D G D A7 D A7 D

Pål si - ne hø - ner på hau - gen ut slepp - te, hø - na så lett o - ver hau - gen sprang.

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, D major, and consists of two staves. The treble staff contains the melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff contains a simple accompaniment with notes G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2.

D D7 G D A7 D A7 D

Pål kun - ne vel på hø - nom for - nem - ma, re - ven var u - te med rum - pa så lang.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff notes are G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2.

D Bm Em7 A7 D Em7 A7

"Klukk, klukk, klukk!" sa hø - na på hau - gom. "Klukk, klukk, klukk!" sa hø - na på hau - gom.

The third system of music features a more complex accompaniment with chords. The treble staff notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff notes are G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2.

D G D Em A7 D Bm Em A7 D

Pål han sprang og reng - de med au - gom: "No tør eg ik - kje ko - ma heim åt ho mor."

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass staff notes are G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2.

Ring Of Gold

There is a custom beautiful and old
When boy and girl their lovers' vows have told
To give his dearest one a golden band
third finger left hand
This custom old and sweet will always last
Was handed down from generations past
To remind us of our sweet love's springtime

A little golden ring we gave each other
A symbol that we two as one shall wander
In sorrow and in joy in a cottage cozy
Where we shall live as one in happiness we two
Our rings shall shine just like the sun at dawning
It shall remind us of life's autumn coming
The world and all its strife shall be as nothing
Against the love that's locked within each golden ring

Music: Henry Carlsen
Norwegian lyrics: Arne Svendsen
English lyrics as recorded by Slim Jim

En Liten Gylden Ring

Det var en gammel og en vakker skikk
når man fikk ja ved første øyeblikk
å gi den elskede et lite pant
på båndet som de bandt
Den vakre skikk av mote aldri går
den følger slektene fra år til år
og minner alle om kjærlighetens vår

En liten gylden ring vi ga hver andre
symbolet på at vi skal sammen vandre
i sorg og glede i det lille rede
hvor vi skal sammen bo i kjærlighet vi to
Vår ring skal skinne som en sol ved sommer
og den skal minne om når høsten kommer
at verdens herlighet er ingen ting
mot lykken som er lagt i hver en gylden ring

Text: Arne Svendsen
Music: Henry Carlsen

En liten gyllen ring

Musical score for the song "En liten gyllen ring". The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment consists of chords indicated by letters above the staff. The score is divided into a main section and a refrain section.

Chords used in the score: D, Em, A, D, E/H, G/A, A, G/A, A, D, Em, A, D, Hm, Em, A, D, Refr.: H+, Em, A, Em/D, D, F°, A, G/D, D, H+, Em, A, G/D, D, Hm, Em, G/A, A7, D, D/F#, G, G/H, D, Hm, Em, A, Em/D, D, H, Em, A, D, Hm, Em, G/A, A7, D.

Scandinavian Hot Shot

There's a guy in Minnesota that-a you should know;
He's not a square and he's not a schmoe.
There's a twinkle in his eye and I'll tell you why;
When he does the rhumba, he's a real gone guy.

He's a Scandinavian hot shot,
He's a hot shot from Duluth.
He's a Scandinavian killer diller,
For a polka he don't give a hoot.

He's got a herringbone suit and a lutefisk vest
But not one hair upon his chest.
But the girls go wild when he asks to dance.
He's got a polka shirt and a rhumba pants.

There's a gal in North Dakota and she's a queen.
She's the slickest chick you've ever seen.
When she heard about the hot shot from Duluth,
She says, "That's cute — he sounds real zoot".

To make the story shorter and to the point,
They met in a Minnesota jukebox joint,
And they got along so good in rhumba time
That they got hitched up and raised a conga line.

They're Scandinavian hot shots.
They're hot shots from Duluth.
They're a Svenska family with a Latin rhythm,
For a polka they don't give a hoot.
(Spoken) And that's the truth!

Words: Doug Setterberg
Music: Gay Jones

SCANDINAVIAN HOT SHOT

This song appeared on a local juke-box along about 1950, and Eddie Williams, who sang on KDAL's early morning show for years, picked it up and made it his own.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Scandinavian Hot Shot". The score is written on four staves in treble clef, with a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily eighth and sixteenth notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: C, G7, and C. The lyrics are written below the notes. The word "Chorus" is written below the second staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

C G7 C

There's a guy in Min-ne-so-ta that (a) you should know - He's not a square and he's not a schmoie - There's a

Chorus
twin-kle in his eye and I'll tell you why - when he does the rump-pa he's a real gone guy - He's a

Scan-din-a-vi-an hot-shot - He's a hot-shot from Du-luth - He's a Scan-din-a-vi-an

kill-er dil-ler - For a pol-ka he don't give a hoot.

A Swede from North Dakota

I bane a Swede from North Dakota
Work on da farm for about two years.
Now I skal go to Minnesota
Take a look at the big State Fair.

Buy me a ticket, buy me a bottle
Dress me up clean out of sight
Yump on Yim Hill's little red wagon
Feel so good I feel for a fight.

Waking up the very next morning
In the city they call St. Paul
Yump on the streetcar, go to Minneapolis
Tank I find some Swede man's there.

Walking round in South Minneapolis
Walk into saloon for fun
There I meet a great big Swede girl
Slap me on the back said, "Hello, Sven."

I turn around I feel so funny
I ain't seen this girl I think
I bane foxy said, "Hello Olga,
Will you come and have a drink?"

And we drink and feel so yolly
And we start to dance and sing
And I said to all the Swede fellers
I gonna pay for the whole blame thing.

Waking up in yale next morning
By this fellow they call the bull
And he said ten days or dollars
Cause you bane so awful full.

I look around in all my pockets
I ain't can't find no money for bail
Nothing left for this poor Swede man
But to spend ten days in yale.

I'm going back to North Dakota
Get the yob on the farm somewhere
And I gonna say to all the Swede man's
Go yump in the lake with your big State Fair.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

✻ *I Ban a Swede*

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano in common time (C). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I ban a Swede from North Da - ko - ta Work on da farm for a - bout two years." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Tank I shall go to Min - ne - so - ta Take a look at the big State Fair." The score includes various chords and chord changes indicated by letters above the notes.

C F C F C/E

I ban a Swede from North Da - ko - ta Work on da farm for a - bout two years.

C Em F C F C/G G7 C

Tank I shall go to Min - ne - so - ta Take a look at the big State Fair.

Ungdoms Mynder

1. { Ung - doms min - ders kje - re Hjem, Brin - ger
Der jeg paa min Mo - ders skjöd, Dag - lig

tan - ken frisk der - hen, Hvor min vug ge stod en
hjælp og plei - e Nöd Der jeg hörde för - ste

gang, Og jeg sang min barn - doms sang
bön, Ler - te om Guds kje re Sön.

D.C. CHORUS
Ung - doms min - ders kje - re sö - de hjem,
D.C.

Brin - ger tan-ken frisk der - hen, _____ Hvor min vug-ge stod en-

gang _____ Og jeg sang min barn-doms sang _____

2.

Jeg var ofte hjerte glad,
 Naar udi mit hjem jeg sad,
 Saa omkring mig Far og Mor,
 Kjere vener, Söskend, Bror.
 Denne Tid forglemmes ei,
 I mit liv og paa min vei,
 Og om mange aar hengaar,
 Mindet varmt i Hjertet slaar.

3.

Disse Aar löb hastig hen,
 Kommer aldrig mer igjen,
 Hvad jeg syndet har mot Gud,
 Kan ei tiden slete ud,
 Hjelp mig Jesu, at jeg maa
 Söge dig og Naade faa.
 Til at vandre for min Gud
 Og i enden holde ud.